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Revolution is essential in dealing with the current problems of the university, according to Dr. Robert Glaser, director of the Learning Research and Development Centre of the University of Pittsburgh. His speech was part of the three-day conference on University Teaching and Learning.

Speaking before an audience of four hundred on the advantages of individualized instruction, Dr. Glaser explained the means towards this end. "You would have to do some things and the hope is that you would make some input somewhere," he elaborated.

According to Dr. Glaser, there are two basic kinds of education: what he calls the "selective" and the "adaptive". The selective mode, in use in all our educational institutions, assumes that there is a fixed educational method, and adaptations to the individual are minimal. This creates a system that requires particular abilities if the individual wants to succeed. The alternative, he suggests, is the adaptive educational mode, in which the methods of education are not fixed, although he feels that there is an objective body of knowledge that is fixed.

He called for the design of educational institutions with "multiple paths of attainment."

He insisted that the reason for society delineating a narrow path towards success lay in the

by anna dowdall
and julian sher

Two views on learning

conflict that has existed between individuals throughout history. Society has tried to repress individual differences, and he cited socialism as an example of this.

He made two concrete suggestions for dealing with this important problem. He said that one must determine particular ways of performing, and follow this up with "unattained prerequisites that provide remediation." He said that if he were given the task of designing an adaptive educational mode, he would not know how to go about it. He then produced a four-point programme concerning the design of adaptive education.

In defence of a criticism that he shared Skinner's obsession with academia, he insisted that the psychology of development was important. However, he had tried in his youth to shape the behaviour of a pigeon and had met with minimal success.

"A radical reorganization of the whole system of education" was also in the mind of Walter Perry, Vice Chancellor of Britain's Open University, when he talked Wednesday on the difficulties of "bringing education to the people."

Speaking to several hundred people attending a conference on University Teaching and Learning, Perry outlined the structure of the government-

sponsored institution, which began full operation last January.

The 24,000 adult students of the university follow one and a half to two courses per year, with television and radio lectures, instruction booklets, and assigned texts.

Credit is awarded on "the basis of continued assessment" throughout the nine-month school year, attendance at the summer school, and a final examination. Fully accredited bachelor degrees can be obtained within three or four years.

Perry claimed that the Open University fulfilled "the social need to provide higher education to anyone who wanted it" by giving the "enormous backlog" of uneducated adults the chance to gain some learning.

He denied the charge that "the really deprived adults—those in the working class" have been neglected. Perry conceded, however, that the student body is almost exclusively middle class, and noted that one-third of the students were middle class teachers.

Perry claimed that the university was serving the working class in the sense that the teachers were originally working class people who had worked their way up.

He denied the accusation that the Open University practised "economic discrimination" against those who could not afford television sets, pointing out that people could monitor the lectures at any one of the "study centers" in the country.

He also mentioned the possibility of obtaining grants from local authorities.

Perry said that the 1972 registration showed a trend towards more applications "from the lower socio-economic groups".

He explained that immense savings in capital are achieved when the media is used to educate full-time employed people. This is because there is no need to build university buildings and industry does not lose any manpower.

The Vice-Chancellor predicted that the Open University would create "such a stir that the educational world will never be the same again."

The university offers multi-disciplinary courses in five faculties in its first year. Courses are developed by "a course team", composed of representatives from different departments as well as "educational technologists".

Perry said that this effectively "removes the control of teaching from the departments".

by sheldon goldfarb

Protest mounts against SGWU trials

The Afro-Asian-Latin-American People's Solidarity Movement decided at a meeting yesterday to organize demonstrations and rallies to mobilize more people for the fight against racism.

These actions will be specifically intended to "oppose the unjust treatment of the black students and their white supporters" who have been tried for participating in the February 1969 occupation of the Sir George Williams Computer Centre—and especially to oppose the treatment of Gail August, Leo Barker, and Martin Bracey.

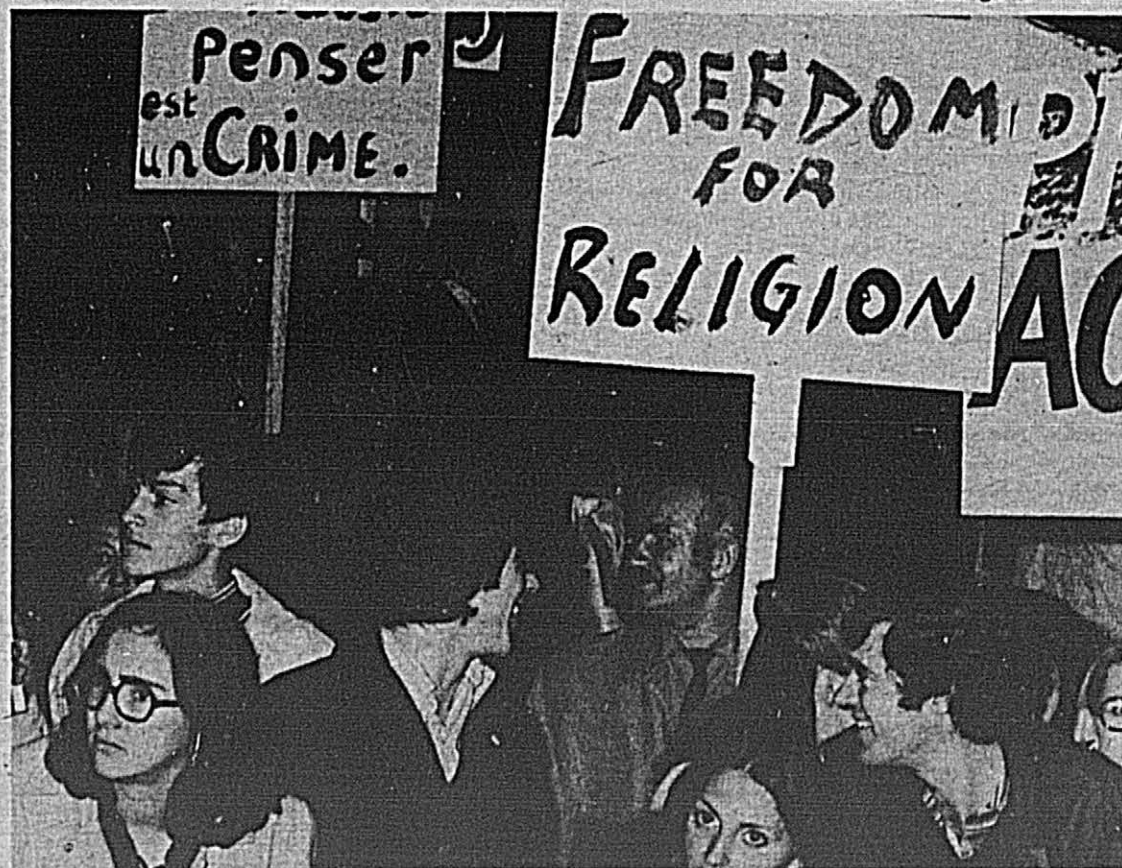
August, Barker, and Bracey were tried this week and found guilty of "malicious obstruction of the use of Sir George's private property". They are to be sentenced today.

The defendants refused to participate in the trial, calling it an attempt to "suppress, mystify, and liquidate the just struggle of February 1969" against racism—in particular, the "racist policies" of Professor Perry Anderson.

They were thus cited several times for contempt of court, with Bracey being sentenced to two years. Bracey also suffered beatings during the trial.

Speakers at yesterday's meeting described the attacks on Bracey as an attempt by the authorities to "isolate and attack the most resolute and politically active forces fighting racism and repression".

They said that these attacks are part of a consistent policy of racism practised by the Canadian authorities. They condemned this policy and said it must be combatted.



daily photo by jean-michel joffe

SOVIET PREMIER ALEXEI KOSYGIN'S visit to Montreal sparked off another anti-Soviet demonstration yesterday. Protestors carried placards decrying the Russian government's treatment of minority groups.

Robert Lantos

Germaine Greer: A puzzling defensiveness

If the extensive coverage by local media of Germaine Greer's visit has told us anything, it has told us very little. What has appeared in newspapers and on television is not new even though Greer's position is unlike those that have preceded it. No doubt the press is partly responsible for obscuring the difference, but one suspects that Greer herself has had a hand in the distortion.

Greer's talks have left us with an after-image of Kate Millett, and if her words are not new, they are at any rate convincing. But if it was unfair to expect the introduction of fundamentally new issues, one did expect a new vantage point. Greer fulfilled neither expectation.

Of course, topics like day-care centers, abortions, the woman's role in medicine and law, the necessity for women's movements to ally with socialist or revolutionary groups—all of these are pertinent and merit discussion.

The solutions offered were just as familiar—so much so that I suspected that she was consciously omitting, or at least modifying some of her positions to suit the mood of the audience, or on a larger scale, keep the peace with the women's lib movement which might by this time feel betrayed by the popularity of *The Female Eunuch*. The book has perhaps been too popular, having seen a phenomenal success with the mass media, including women's magazines like *Cosmopolitan* as well as those of the *Penthouse* and *Playboy* variety.

Her popularity with chauvinist magazines par excellence and their warm reaction to her, together with a most unorthodox background (more about that later), may make her a victim of unintended co-option, placing her in a rather precarious position with radicals in the women's liberation movement.

But in *The Female Eunuch* Greer makes several comments about the role of men in the confrontation of the sexes and about revolutionary tactics in general—comments which are diametrically opposed to the position of the more radical American groups. In the chapter on Rebellion, she suggests an alternative to the tactics developed by Ti-Grace Atkinson and her organization, The Feminists. The Feminists propose sexual separatism and an end to conventional modes of impregnation and childbirth. They define "love" as the "response of the victim to the rapist".

Greer writes: "Their pronouncements are characteristically gnomic and rigorous; to the average female they must seem terrifying. And a few lines later: 'Men are the enemy in much the same way that some crazed boy in uniform was the enemy of another like him in most respects except the uniform. One possible tactic is to get the uniform off.'"

In an *Evergreen* interview a few months ago she says this about women's liberation: "Women's liberation means the sexualization of women. It means becoming a consciously and proudly sexual human being and not regarding your sex life as something to be manipulated by other people. As long as women say that men are regarding them



solely as sex objects, then they are passively admitting the function. Women make a great mistake when they say: 'Regard me not sexually, but treat me as a chap or fellow.'"

Again in *The Female Eunuch* talking about Red Stockings, another radical group she says: "... Few women are misled by the red herring of learning male violence as a revolutionary tactic or practicing celibacy.

In her interview with *Evergreen* she takes comradeship with men one step further by proposing that the way to sexual equality and, hence, women's liberation is through love rather than war: "One of the things I'd like to see is men and women becoming similar enough so that they would be able to make love not war. So that equals could fuck equals."

It is only reasonable to say that if Germaine Greer were massively criticized by the women's lib movement, she could hardly retain her image as the top figure in the movement today. Whether it is because of her ideological solidarity with the movement or simply because she couldn't afford to be ostracized from the mainstream of women's lib, it is worth emphasizing that she eliminated most of what is new in her personal analysis of women's role in favor of a safe, rehearsed view in her talks and interviews in Mon-

treau.

She was rewarded with a unilaterally friendly reception from local feminists, wide and overwhelmingly favorable exposure in the media, encountering only negligible political criticism and opposition.

The things she said were compatible with the beliefs of virtually every liberationist female and they dispelled that uncomfortable rumor that she was betraying the movement by selling herself and her book to a male audience. Repeated allusions to her total indifference towards men (except the statement she is "irretrievably heterosexual"—a disgrace for which she took pains to apologize) further undermined the hostile suspicions.

Equally curious was her opening remark at her talk in the Union Ballroom on Tuesday. "As you can see, I'm not a beautiful woman." Why this concern, this terror of being considered physically attractive? Why else if not because of a fear that such an image is harmful to her role as a "prominent spokesman" of women's rights.

Greer also spoke about a photograph of herself which appeared in a magazine showing her in a transparent negligée. She emphasized that she allowed the

picture to be taken along with many others by a female reporter, on the assumption that she'd be consulted when the prints to be used for publication were chosen. Of course she wasn't consulted and the editors, in typical sexist fashion, chose that picture of her which would sell the most copies of their magazine.

Here I'm constrained to say that I sense some hypocrisy. The first time I heard the name Germaine Greer was in a publication called *Suck*, which is Europe's leading hardcore sex-paper. At the time I was surprised to discover that one of the paper's editors was a woman, by the name of Germaine Greer. After all, there aren't many women around who are editors of a porno-magazine. Actually, *Suck* is probably the best sex-paper in existence, and being its editor is nothing reproachable. But for an editor of *Suck* to be so outraged by a sexy photograph of herself in a magazine is somewhat ironic.

Greer's concern with her image among women's lib people is understandable. She is getting more copy-space in the women's pages of American newspapers than Miss America herself. Typical of the kind of publicity her publisher was pushing was an ad in the *New York Times* which asked: "Who is Germaine Greer? The most lovable creature to come out of Australia since the koala bear? A feminist leader who admittedly loves men? A brilliant writer, extraordinarily entertaining? Great Britain's Woman of the Year? The author of a perceptive, outrageous, and devastating book on women?" The answer to the questions according to the McGraw-Hill ad was: "Germaine is all of the above!"

As a further example of how Greer's tone and delivery seem to have been modified to suit the taste of the mainstream of the women's lib movement, consider the following paragraph taken from the *Evergreen* interview with her toned down speeches at McGill.

Q. Do British feminists criticize you for editing *Suck*?

A. "No. The criticism comes from places like *Time* magazine. But I don't care about that one way or the other. The women don't complain. But if people did, I would just tell them to fuck off. I have the energy, I'm doing my thing. If the women start moaning, I'll just tell them to fuck off. I don't want to know about them."

There are, of course further differences in Greer's approach. For one thing, her analysis relies less than most on arguments from economics, though it does not contradict these. And as a general approach, hers differs from that of her American counterparts, in the emphasis given to personal liberation. It is puzzling, then, that she would suppress these differences, though it is possible that the speech circuit demands that she say what people expect.

It does not, in any case, appear that Greer's position has really changed. The only thing she might give up is her defensiveness.

the Lower Canada Review

of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1971

*Call Any Vegetable
and the Chances Are
Good*



by sandy macilwain

Once upon a time Frank Zappa started a band called The Mothers of Invention. After some years, necessity demanded that the band cease to exist, and so, some time later, after making a chart-busting solo album by the singularly exciting title of "Hot Rats", Mr. Z. decided a new band would be a good idea. The quick-thinking young Californian then proceeded to gather from every corner of the rock world and associated animal kingdoms, a new group of mature musicians who were not too busy, too proud or too scared to make up the remainder of the group.

This handpicked crew of hairy exhibitionists worked

hard, looking for a single that would put them on the charts. When an entire album, titled "Chunga's Revenge", failed to give them the exposure they had hoped for, their ever-vigilant composer-guitarist-vocalist-conductor, Frank Zappa himself, hit upon a solution to their popularity blues. "Let's go on a tour of the entire continent," he said, "and play our music to anyone who will listen. We will play anywhere they will take us, and we will work hard to become as famous as Frank Sinatra. Maybe even make a movie or two." The band was excited beyond words by this, and the tour was plotted out in a matter of weeks.

And so it came to pass that on the 195th anniversary of America's Declaration of Independence, this dedicated group of men was unable to watch the parades with their loved ones at

home, for the tour was in full swing, and they were, alas, playing that night in Montreal. Not only were they in Montreal, whose rock audience had failed to succumb to greater draws than these Mothers, but they were in the Paul Sauve Arena, known casually on the 'street' as the Home of the Bummers. In fact a really successful show had not been held there since the Cream performed in 1968. Our hearts were young and gay.

It seemed like the same problems would plague this new band as had buried the Old Mothers. Their temperamental leader was not one to put up with poor acoustics, bad promotion, schizophrenic sound systems or indifferent audiences, and the old band had been saddled, in his words, "with both". Surely by setting foot in the hated Arena, this

combo was headed towards similar disasters. Zappa would feel out the hall, curse loudly a few times, play his most difficult pieces for twenty minutes, and storm off, leaving the audience making vague threats about rushing the ticket booths, and swearing off the Mothers forever.

The only glimmers in this otherwise gloomy pre-concert picture were 1) a promise that the Mothers would bring their own sound system (one promotional story we had all heard before), 2) the historical background of the Fab Four, 3) Mr. Zappa's unpredictable personality and uncanny versatility, and 4) several thousand crossed fingers.

Well boys and girls, Frank brought along the sound system (twenty baby-blue boxes full of horns and woofers), the Fourth came through, the whole gang

was full of surprises, and in case you hadn't guessed or heard, the concert was a monster (with a bullet). It was the most exciting (rock) show have ever seen.

Mr. Zappa, who incidentally, has been given to saying lately that the Montreal concert was the best he ever played, has never been content to appeal to the L.C.D. of his audiences. And although many times these fans, desiring something easier and more physical, perhaps, have reacted badly to the show-ers he poured on their other faculties, Frank has always aimed at the whole man or nothing.

On July 4, he was very close to realizing his unique blend of innocent Fifties Rock 'n' Roll with intricate compositional work, mixed into the freedom of modern jazz. Combine this

Continued on page 2

Continued from page 1

with his devastatingly funny Zappaesque (there is no other word) observation of the species in the amounts we got, and he and his insanely competent confrères were extremely close. Each soul in the audience who found something of himself on all that responded with the fervour of ten. As I said, the house was brought down, and rebuilt, a number of times.

And now an album has come out on Bizarre-Reprise, not of that concert, but of one given a few weeks earlier at the now-closed Fillmore East. It does



not, should not be expected to, recreate that night in Montreal, but it reaches a number of lofty peaks and contains some numbers that weren't in the July 4 show.

The album is called "The Mother—Live at the Fillmore East, June 1971" and contains about forty-five minutes of the show. It was performed originally without any pauses between numbers, and to break for the end of Side One, Zappa cut the tape rather suddenly in the middle of "Hot Rats", picking it up on the other side. Similarly, the album opens precisely on the first note of the first number of the show, the band presumably having tuned up before they came on. The last tune, the ecstatically vibrant love ballad "Tears Began to Fall" ends by fading out on the last chorus. Thus the things which do not concern you, namely applause, introductions, etc., are omitted to bring you the things which do. The show itself contains a few instrumental numbers, including "Hot Rats", the opener "Little House I Used to Live In", "Lonesome Electric Turkey", which features Don Preston (who was a keyboard man with the Old Mothers, and more or less a guest artist at the Fillmore) playing a mini-moog, as well as the famous strains of "Peaches En Regalia". Besides "Tears Began to Fall", the only other vocally-oriented pop ballad is "Happy Together", the song which made the Turtles famous, recreated here by Frank's vocalists Howie Kaylan and Mark Volman, who just happen to be the former vocalists and mainstays of those same old Turtles. They've changed a little, although Mark is still fat and shirtless and a tambourine juggler par excellence. Ian

Underwood, on keyboards and reed instruments, who is the only fulltime holdover from the Old Mothers, Aynsley Dunbar, of British blues fame, on drums, Bob Harris on keyboards and Jim Pons (another ex-Turtle oh yeah) on bass, make up the rest of the group.

The remainder of the album, over half of it, consists of a series of musical sketches depicting the foibles of the pop world. There is "The Mud Shark", a new dance number carried on by the band and narrated by Zappa, sort of about the Vanilla Fudge fishing out the window of the Edgewater Inn in Seattle, and there is a continuing soap opera about groupies and pop stars on the make, with Mark and Howie playing the main roles. The dialogue takes precedence on these numbers, and although it is mainly sung, rather than spoken, people seem to be put off at first listening, a familiar Zappa pattern. Mark and Howie are very funny here, the dialogue (written by you-know-who) is filled with innuendos and the band behind is always alert, and these little dramas grow on you with repeated exposure, something like a suntan with jokes.

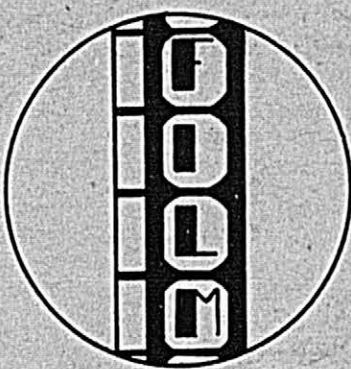
The instrumental numbers display a very inventive band (especially prominent is Aynsley's drumming and some fine guitar work by Zappa), al-



though I wish there were a saxophone solo from Ian Underwood. The vocals use up to six voices in imaginative harmonies. All in all, a marvellous package, even if the cover is a bit plain.

Incidentally, Frank tells us that his movie, "200 Motels", of Mothers new and old on tour will be out in the fall, and it should make extremely interesting viewing. I want to see those shots of Tierra del Fuego. You might wait until then before you examine Howie's reaction to the musical questions: "What Kind of Girl Do You Think We Are?" and "Do You Like My New Car?", all in the comfort of your own home, and with the audial company of a whole bunch of pop stars and other social deviants. Or you might not. I don't care.

If this description is too linear for you, picture a cross between Spike Jones, Lenny Bruce, Jean-Luc Ponty and an ice cream truck. Would you pass that up for Stephen Stills II?



by pat hobby

Fortune and Men's Eyes
at the York
admission \$2.25

Loving and Laughing
at the Seville
admission \$2.25

You're a taxpayer. Buy a pack of cigarettes and you pay taxes. Buy gasoline, and you pay taxes. Go to a movie, and you pay taxes. Among other things, the government loans out your money to film-makers.

Down on Saint Catherine Street there's an object lesson in government financed films. The Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC) backed both *Loving and Laughing* and *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. This government agency frankly admits to being in films for the money angle only. It makes low interest loans to any Canadian film enterprise that looks like it'll be enough of a box-office success to return the dough. Strictly economics. There's the screw.

CFDC's quality criteria are no different from any other producers'. It may not get a cut of the gate, but its main concerns are still cash boxes and pay-rolls.

Being only another set of money-bags, CFDC has to compete with other producers for scripts, directors and all the rest it takes to make a film. Twentieth Century Fox will shell out fortunes for anything that looks like money in the bank; CFDC only makes limited investments. If one of its films can't make it through shooting, MGM takes a loss; CFDC wants to see its money back. Competing on ground like that, CFDC has trouble backing anything but second rate productions.

It does all right by the economy. But it's not the hottest thing since tennis-sneakers. Face it, a self-sufficient film industry is not the same as a self-sufficient auto industry. If the number of unemployed goes down, we should all be happy, but I'd like to see the figures.

Given CFDC's built in bent for losers, *Fortune and Men's Eyes* comes as a bigger surprise than *Loving and Laughing*.

Loving and Laughing is a tawdry little bore. Screen-writer Martin Bronstein has borrowed liberally from Mark Twain and the Keystone Cops to paste up a story not worth telling.

Director John Sone fails to control the scanty material he

has. For the English version he dubbed in one of those clever sound tracks just like the Italians use in their worst westerns. Every character has the same voice—a grating monotone devoid of warmth, fixed at one volume for added boredom. The synchronization is fair. Sub-titles would have been better.

The film's one imaginative piece of camera work is a low angle shot of one girl's boobs hanging through an open car window. Picturesque. Impressive. But not enough to support a film.

Loving and Laughing is as erotic as a five year old sitting under your window singing out, "Fucky. Fucky. Fucky." If that gets you and your lover hot, head for the Seville after classes.

There's enough skin in this flick; unfortunately Sone has only gone through the motions of making a film. It has a story. It has a sound-track. It has actors. It has lots of pictures. None of them are adequate. With all the beautiful country in Gaspé and Vermont to photograph, it's incredible but true that *Loving and Laughing* does not have one on location shot worth looking at. The shots of Percé Rock in Gaspé look like Commander Whitehead's advertisements for Schwappe's tonic water.

None of the performances are memorable. Most of the laughs are telegraphed and beaten to death. However, if you take this film as a camp experience, you can leave it with your sides splitting.

The managers at Cinepix, *Loving and Laughing's* production company, must be laughing all the way to the bank. For a film of limited appeal—aimed at the least particular and most desperate sexual enthusiasts—*Loving and Laughing* sure packs the house. Maybe

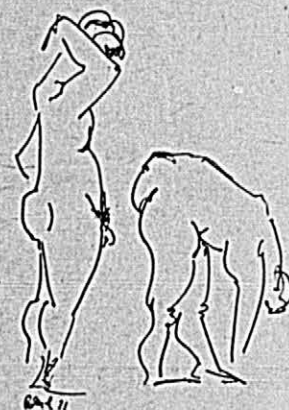
not even a postcard

the telephone
is a sleeping snake
its head resting
comfortably
on its stomach,
with finger smudges
and
droppings of yesterday's
stale popcorn
surrounded by
a platoon of empty
beerbottles
that stand guard
over indifferent ashtrays,
heaped with butts
and dried-out orange peels;
scraps of paper here and
there
and forgotten candle wax
dripping on into the night-
ashes and empty books of
matches
discarded gum wrappers
a half-bottle of old wine
and some unfinished lines
in the typewriter . . .

there are lots of camp fans in Montreal.

You wouldn't expect *Fortune and Men's Eyes* to need CFDC backing. You'd think every producer from Hollywood to Moscow would've wanted to buy a piece of it. It's a beaut. MGM and Cinemix International of Canada, its co-producers, should be happy.

Quebec prisons are not much to look at. Yet director Harvey Hart and screen-writer John Herbert worked the story's stage format (It was on the stage in 1967.) into a solid, meat-and-potatoes cinematic format that carries its share of the film's interest. They make the best of a limited situation (as opposed to Sone and Bronstein who make the worst of a limitless one), and the picture looks good. Only in the Christmas show is the camera work below par. Hart and Herbert succumb to the stage format



there and leave out lots you'd like to see.

The acting is uniformly adequate with exceptional performances by a few players. Danny Freedman comes in for special kudos. He's terrific; should stand out as a ray of hope for all you aspiring actors. Not many years ago he was News Editor at the *Daily*, lived in Chinatown and hung around the Union just like the rest of us. In real life he has a sister named Ophira; her picture is on the cell wall next to her bed.

Queenie (Michael Greer) steals the show over and over in a fine performance.

Beware the heavy handed music in some scenes. Also beware the Shakespearian theme—"fortune and men's eyes"—every time you think it's dead it comes back again, like a cat with nine lives. Some other bits and snatches lack subtlety, but overall *Fortune and Men's Eyes* is well worth the walk down Saint Catherine Street.

Ironically, the short playing with *Loving and Laughing* is a funny on how our tax collectors aren't such bad guys and how we should feel secure knowing how well our money is being spent. That's ludicrous. It'd make more sense playing with *Fortune and Men's Eyes*.

Does anybody out there know why moviehouses open and close curtains at every show? A royal pain if you ask me.

t.c. fodor

by h. f. weisbord

When Giovanni Iuliani shrugs and tells you that some of his best friends are freaks, he isn't working an overused joke or playing cool from the vantage point of a shirt and tie. Rather Iuliani points to the displays that collect in the side-shows of North America, and tells you

he has worked with most of them. From the Armless and Legless Wonder to The Alligator Woman, Giovanni Iuliani has been a public salesman, or barker, appealing to the curiosity of crowds, conning and selling to their voyeurism and desire for a once-in-a-life-time glance at nature's oddities.

There is no doubt that Iuliani is a master salesman. Standing high above the carnival Midway, drum beating, siren whining, he'll start: "Watch it! Watch it! Watch it! The Human Fire Eater is out here! Watch what he's going to do. Watch it! Watch it! Watch it now!" The crowds collect and with his incredible timing and keen sales pitch, Iuliani

draws them into the tents, there to gape at this strange collection of human beings: Spelling at a frenetic pace, Iuliani is off: "No, it won't cost you a dollar, and it won't cost you half-a-dollar. No, not fifty cents. But now, if you line up now, it'll be one quarter of a dollar. Yes, twenty-five cents for the first people to get in line."

Success in Quebec; bomb in Ontario

Iuliani was the first to bring Tod Browning's *Freaks* (then called *The Loves of a Freak*) to Montreal. In the late sixties, after a stint with the Barnum and Bailey Shows, he toured Quebec and Ontario with the film and five live freaks who he would introduce before the show. Reaction in Quebec was tremendous and over 80,000 people paid two dollars each to see the act in the Chateau Theatre on St. Denis. In Ontario, Iuliani bombed out. "The French people were carefree. They didn't hide their emotions. There was no containment in them, no discipline. They would plunge themselves into the stories and accept me at face value. But the English people were cool and calculating. You wouldn't get an English person to cry because you told a sad story. This person sat down and thought: English people would not admit that there were such things as freaks. They said it was a big white lie. It was the same thing as Americans refusing to admit that Red China existed. English people would not talk about freaks. It was a no-no, a bad subject, a disgusting thing . . . And in show business, believe you me, it was a big thing to know your audience in this way."

King of the freaks

Bob M. was billed as The Man with Two Faces. One half of his head was fine. In fact, his profile, seen from the normal side, was noble indeed. As he revolved in the light, turning his "other face" towards the audience, it became apparent that something was awry. A huge, bulbous, shiny lump covered the right side of his head, obliterating his eye and cauliflowering his ear. No hair grew on this horrific lump and as the audience screamed or turned away with nausea, Bob M. would laugh. For he had a beautiful wife, two fine children, and a steady income as the main attraction in any Freak Show in which he wished to appear. In fact, when Francisco L., The Man with Three Legs died at eighty, Bob M., The Man with Two Faces was called in as a replacement to Dallas' State Fair, boasting all the while that now he was the King of Freaks.

If Bob M. was the King of Freaks, then

Esther B., The Alligator Woman, was surely the Queen. Covered from head to toe with scales she was given the option of normalcy when a cure to her skin disease was discovered by The John Hopkins Medical Genetics Center. Instead, she still works the sideshows, supporting seven normal children.

Sealo, the Armless Wonder, had hands but no arms and very short legs. He was once approached by Iuliani with this proposition: "What if an Angel were to appear, a messenger of God, or God himself, and here your greatest wish would be fulfilled. You would be turned into a normal man. Wouldn't you be happy?" And without so much as a flap of his hand, Sealo replied, "Then I'd have to go to work."

"I do believe my pecker's standing up"

Big Tex, The Human Blob, could not see his toes. A typical lunch for him included three fried chickens, one dozen baked potatoes, one quart of cottage cheese, three cherry pies and one half gallon of coffee. It was in Louisiana one morning after being roused by Iuliani from a solid sleep that he stood up in his trailer and, in a heavy southern accent exclaimed, "Lordee, lordee, lordee. What's happenning down there? I do believe my pecker's standing up. Why, it hasn't done that in ages." . . . The Human Blob died in his early thirties, as do most sideshow heavies. His heart got tired pumping for all the extra pounds and just gave up.

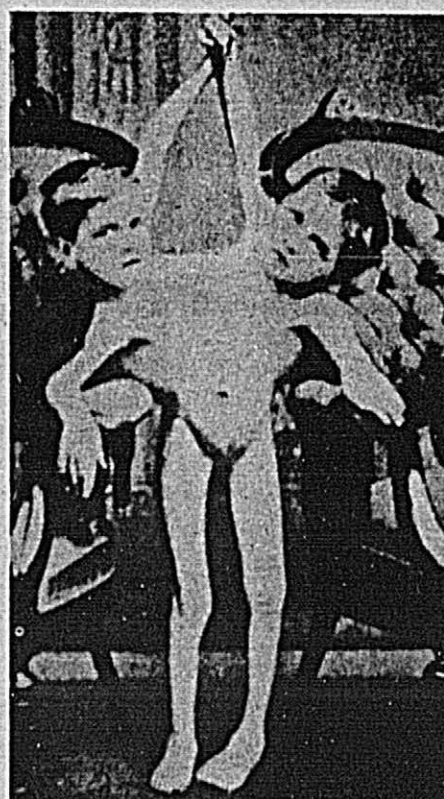
Real freaks have pride

The freaks Iuliani has worked with regarded themselves as artists. The more pathetic the barker's Midway spiel was, the happier they became. Each prided himself on his uniqueness although at times this was self-delusion. (A fat man or woman could be found in almost any sideshow.) The real freaks would resent having to play next to the phonies. Sword swallows were normal beings who had conquered the gag reflex. Tattooed men were normal beings who had voluntarily undergone colour treatment. Men sticking long needles into arms and legs were normal beings who had opted for masochism and ended up with calluses. Even the "pickle punk", jars of deformed babies preserved in formaldehyde, (stolen from the hospital in the dead of night), was resented for the rubber dolls it housed. The real freaks had pride. They didn't need to embellish their act for effect.

Woman with two vaginas

The sexual appetites of these side-

show inhabitants did not usually correspond to their physical deformities. The Alligator Woman had seven normal children. Bob M.'s beautiful wife bore him two normal children. And even The Armless and Legless Wonder, Prince Randion The Snake Man, that tough-looking, pirate-faced torso from the film *Freaks*, fathered two children and lived long enough to become a grandfather. Myrtle Corbin, a double-bodied woman from below the waist, claimed two sets of reproductive organs. (She did, in fact, have four legs.) Of her five children, two were said to have come from one set of reproductive organs, three from the other. Some of the fat women leaned towards lesbianism although others



The Tocchi twins: one body below the waist.

(Luella, The World's Fattest Woman) were quite happily married, usually to men around one sixth their weight.

Sideshows are going out

Today, few sideshows remain. And if they do, they make their money by displaying illusions rather than freaks. You can still find magicians sawing a woman in half, or "Indian" rubber men walking on nails. But these are tricks played on the eye and Giovanni Iuliani could never bark outside a tent that did not contain a true collection of nature's oddities. Instead Iuliani will be opening in St. Jean on the twenty-ninth of this month (later in Montreal), changing ladies into gorillas live and on stage. But that's another story, to be told at another time.



Prince Randion—the snake man: a human torso without arms or legs.



The One Dollar Yacht

by hal conroy

After having worked for a number of years as Editor on small weekly newspapers across Canada, I found myself out of a job—and very little prospect of another one in sight. I was more or less stranded in Fort William (now Thunderbay) and my funds were pretty low. That part of Ontario is a long and costly bus or train trip to anywhere else in Canada—except Winnipeg and I knew that there was nothing there.

If I took a train, I'd land somewhere broke. If I stayed I'd go broke and Thunderbay-Fort William-Port Arthur is a

damn cold and lonesome place to be broke in.

I did what I always do when I'm down in the mouth—I wander over and around the nearest boat yard. I was in Port Arthur and there was a little boatyard that reminded me of some I'd known in England so I puttered over to the waterfront.

There were a few old boats sitting up on shore-cradels, and one of them caught my eye. It was a somewhat lake-worn converted lifeboat, the paint was in a mess and when I climbed up on the slippery cradel to inspect the cabin, I found a musty smell and a dead cat in-

side.

There was an old Nova Scotia "make 'n Break" engine that looked workable and her mast—a stubby affair cut down from a telephone pole—was in good shape—I was to find out that her sprit-sail had been made—so help me, from tent canvas. Her hull was free of dry rot and her keel—what there was of one—was sturdy.

In short, here was a boat for a man who loved messing about with boats.

One rather stiff cat corpse

I didn't really think that I had a hope in

hell of having enough money to afford it but I went over to the office to ask about it anyway. The owner of the yard was a man who loved his work and boats and like me, he didn't care for people who abandoned a boat for no good reason—and the owner of the boat I was looking at was that type. When the yard-owner learned of my interest in her he responded with a great booming laugh and told me that if I could fix it up enough to launch it within ten days—the boat would be mine—for a token payment of one nice green Canadian dollar bill.

Almost breaking my arm getting the

In this issue:

Call any vegetable and the chances are good by sandy macilwain

When Giovanni Iulani shrugs the snake man, the cat lady and down home folk by h. f. weisbord

The One Dollar Yacht freedom on the Great Lakers by hal conroy

Of Power and Passlon fiction by john collier

Hammurabi on How to Sue the Cops

pg 1

pg 3

pg 4

pg 7

pg 8

dollar into his hand, I left him to draw up the bill of sale and rushed back to MY boat. Once back inside the cabin, I now took the time to examine my purchase—or should I not write, "Purchase". Along with the musty smell and the dead cat, the cabin was a mess. There was a rusted "Fisherman's" stove, a dirt encrusted sink—it was also where in reposed the rather stiff cat corpse. On the port side, a fold-back table sat loaded with junk and just by the partly open hatch cover there was a chart case filled with very damp charts.

A smelly, patched piece of thin canvas was the curtain for the forward cabin and it was a compact joy to behold. On the starboard side was a long bunk fit for a long skipper like me—I'm 5; 11 1/2—and on the starboard side was a closet and a well designed set of lockers. The head (toilet) was forward and an up and down sliding hatch led to the forepeak that could also be reached through a hatch on the deck. One had a tight squeeze around the mast so as to get into the head and there was a swamy looking sleeping bag on the bunk but at least there wasn't a dead cat skulking about anywhere.

Her new name—Dulcibella

When I checked the lockers and the closet, I found an American Navy pea jacket in good shape and there was an almost new Sou'wester lying in one of the lockers. I also found several quarts of gray marine paint in a locker under the sink.

All in all, I found that I'd sure got one hell of a great dollar's worth of boat.

I didn't waste any time in getting to work, first I rushed off to a nearby Salvation Army store for some work clothes, picked up my little TV set and my box of books along with a suitcase of clothes and taxied back to my boat—her new name—DULCIBELLA—named for the boat in Erskine Childer's classic about yachts, "THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS".

I won't go into the blurred details of the next nine days except to say that I painted, scraped, scrubbed, sweated, swotted, sobbed and got rid of the dead cat. The Yard's owner set his hand to checking the engine and wouldn't charge me one red cent for cleaning it up into workable use.

On the tenth morning I awoke feeling akin to God who must have felt the same quiet contentment on His seventh morning. Contentment over a hard job well done.

I had started my week plus three with \$120.00 dollars, I'd spent sixteen—most of it in the Salvation Army store for some dishes, a mirror, a tan dufflecoat that had seen service in the navy and two pictures of sailing ships for my main cabin.

I had a home that could take me almost anywhere, a pet—my wolf, Belle—my health, typewriter, books and \$104.00.

I was a happy man . . . an independent man . . . a free man . . . I was indeed Captain Of My Soul.

So it was, on a bright Sunday morning in May, 1966 I launched Dulcibella and sailed shorewise towards Duluth and six months of wonderful freedom.

Listening to Bach in Georgian Bay

Now, of course I was lucky in that I found the boat the way I did and of course not everyone can sail a small boat from Thunderbay to New York but the point I am trying to make is—I think—that anyone can find piece of mind—do-his-own-thing-be-independent, no matter what his age or state of pocketbook. All he has to have is luck and the talent to make the most of that luck. It wasn't all sunshine and spanking breezes sailing that bucket all those miles.

It was storms, buggery lockmasters, heat, cold, fear and a deep hate for the fool in the fast boat. It was quiet nights of reading or watching TV. It was listening to Bach in Georgian Bay. It was sailing along Chicago's shoreline with a beautiful black model. It was looking at the moon, hearing the nightbird's cry. It was walking along great long dunes in Wisconsin and watching Belle stalk a squirrel. It was going ashore in a small town along the American side of Lake Erie to see a Randolph Scott Western.

It was having a little girl from a Buffalo yacht club stroke my beard—grayed since age twenty-two—and say, "Thank you Santa for letting me visit your nice boat".

It was also belting a young punk on a New York dock into the Hudson River when he tried to climb aboard to demand money for docking at a New York Port Authority dock—he was rather lucky, I, having spent most of my life since age 11 around boats, cannot swim—fortunately for him there was a boat coming into the dock that threw him a line. I have no time for his kind and while I'd have been sorry if he'd drown, I sure wouldn't have risked my life to save his thieving hide.



"I was indeed Captain Of My Soul"

The way of the lakes and rivers

I earned my way across the Great Lakes, the Erie Canal, the Hudson River by writing and appearing on TV talk shows. I even spent a week at a girls' camp on the upper Hudson teaching sailing while the instructor got over a bout of poison oak.

If I learned little else, I learned to value my private brand of freedom above all. I learned that a man may free himself from the world and still be part of it. While I still hold that the human race is a dismal experiment that failed several hundred years ago, I have learned to live with it. For there is always the way of the lakes and rivers and even the sea when things boil over.

I am not going to worry about how you make out. I've earned my right to the gift

of self-freedom so for the rest of my life I shall live on my boat, write my stories, smoke my pipes, watch TV, read my books, paint my pictures—and make love to a healthy young earth-mother who'll go ashore, have the baby and be back aboard the Dulcibella in twenty minutes.

That kiddies, is real independence.

Editor's note: Hal Conroy comes from that most unlikely place for a sailor, Regina Saskatchewan. He now lives in Montreal and is working on a book and the conversion of a lifeboat. Some of the material in this article will be used in the forthcoming book to be called: "The Yacht that One Dollar Bought".



Une . . . Deux . . . Trois . . .

par marie lasnier

Un . . . deux . . . trois . . . Le rideau s'ouvre . . . non pas devant un décor et des personnages mais devant le théâtre lui-même. Nous sommes transportés

derrière les mots, derrière les mécanismes préétablis, un à un les masques de la convention théâtrale s'effiloquent. Nous voilà au coeur même de la création, au coeur de l'humain, au coeur de la vie. Étrange et fantastique impression, cet examen au rebours de la rigidité d'un texte et de l'interprétation d'un comédien.

Encore une fois, LA NOUVELLE COMPAGNIE THEATRALE a su défricher de nouveaux sentiers pour permettre une approche plus tangible des oeuvres au programme. En effet, depuis deux ou trois ans, LA NOUVELLE COMPAGNIE THEATRALE aborde avec son public quelques temps à l'avance la pièce au programme. Cette approche se fait avec des invités connaissant bien l'oeuvre (auteur, comédiens, metteur en scène, critique). Ce dialogue permet au public d'aller au-delà du simple divertissement et de communiquer directement avec le

coeur de l'oeuvre. J'oserais appeler cette façon de faire du théâtre de participation.

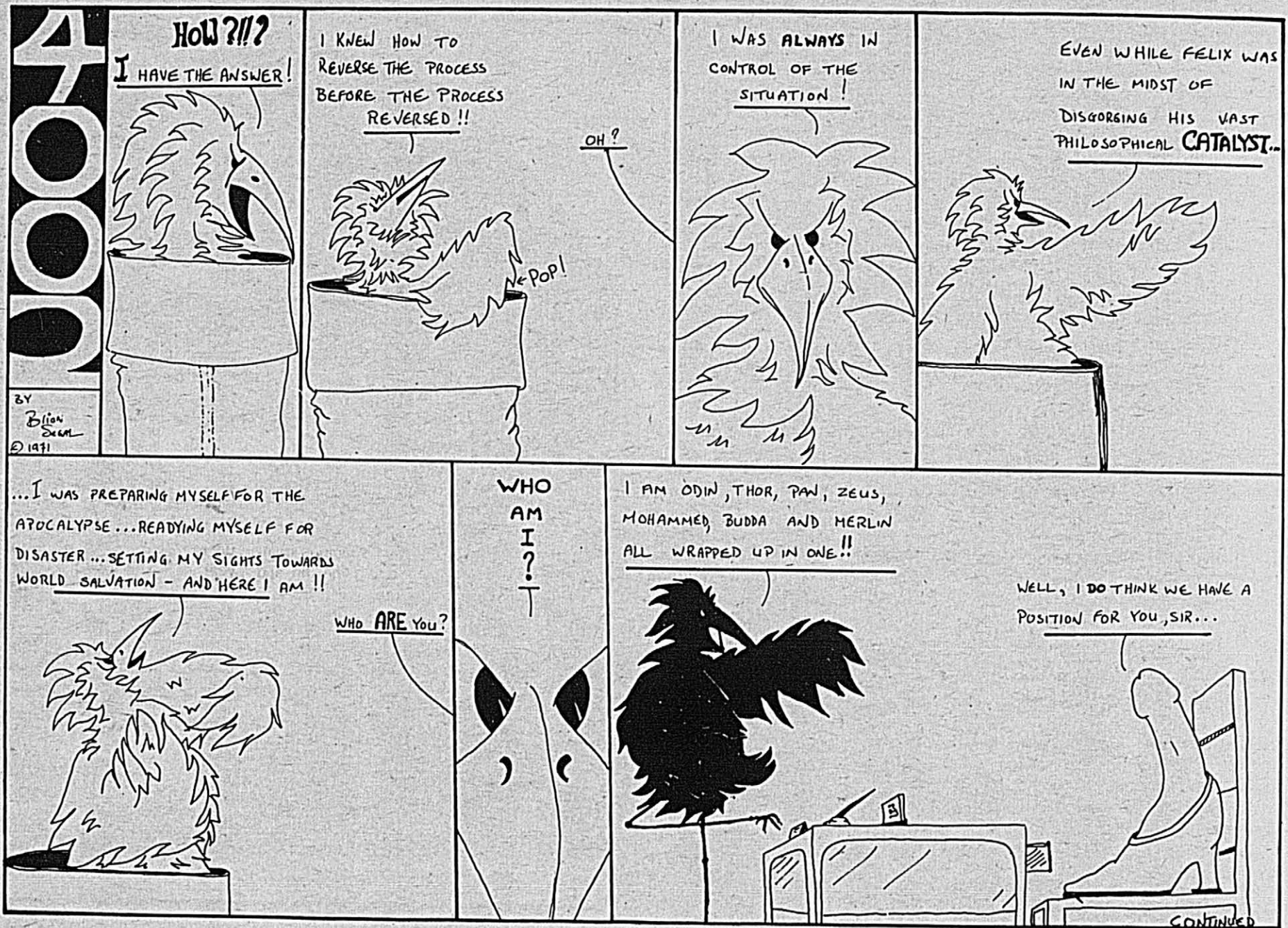
Avoir en présence l'auteur, quelques comédiens et un critique littéraire présentant leur différent point de vue face à l'oeuvre au programme et par la suite pouvoir discuter des points soulevés par les différents invités, voilà vraiment une étape importante voire essentielle pour permettre au public de comprendre et de goûter une oeuvre théâtrale.

Il serait trop long ici d'énumérer toutes les possibilités et tous les changements que ces colloques peuvent apporter dans la vie théâtrale au Québec. Je ne sais pas ce que nous réservent les prochains colloques de la saison mais le premier laisse présager beaucoup.

Souvent en allant voir une pièce nous ne connaissons pas toujours très bien l'oeuvre au programme; nous y allons un peu à l'aveuglette. L'impression qui nous en résulte résulte souvent du jeu des comé-

diens et de notre humeur personnelle et non pas de la composition dramatique du texte et de son essence propre. C'est ici qu'intervient le colloque. Ce dernier en effet permet une ouverture et une réceptivité accrues chez le public. Déjà par ce premier contact avec l'oeuvre, le spectateur est en mesure de tracer un schéma assez précis du noeud de l'oeuvre, sa réceptivité et sa curiosité en sont d'autant plus intensifiées. Par le colloque, le spectateur peut se dégager plus facilement du conditionnement extérieur et pénétrer avec plus d'aisance au coeur de l'oeuvre.

Avant de terminer j'aimerais souligner le magnétisme du contact Auteur-Comédiens-Critique-Spectateurs. C'est une aventure à ne pas manquer. Après une expérience de cette sorte, il semble difficile d'aborder une pièce toute crue sans ce contact humain qui demeure le noeud de toute création.



KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGE DOESN'T DROP FROM THE SKIES

by sheldon goldfarb



Following in the steps of Charles Reich and Alvin Toffler, Alison Gopnik, writing in last week's Supplement, has come up with another new sort of revolution: "a revolution in the study of mind".

This "revolution", however, has no more validity than the so-called revolutions proposed by Reich and Toffler.

In her article, Gopnik claims that the process of learning a language cannot be explained by the conditioning effects of environmental factors in the real world. Language learning, she says in setting forth a "radical theory of language and learning", is accomplished by means of abstract rules and innate structures in the mind.

Of course, her arguments are actually neither new nor radical; they are based on the old idealist theories of psychology, which deny the material basis of mental activity and try to make material reality subordinate to thought processes.

Defends idealism

Gopnik is thus using the example from linguistics merely to defend idealist psychology, which she calls "rationalism". In her example, she says that only rationalist theory can explain how a

child learns to talk.

Using rationalist theory, Gopnik argues that the mind must possess innate structures and must formulate abstract rules in order for the individual to learn a language from the "confused acoustic vibrations striking his eardrum".

She also claims that we are able to construct proper sentences because we know "intuitively" what is a sentence and what isn't.

And finally, she denies the importance of conditioned reflexes in learning; she maintains that learning is achieved through "complex, abstract mental processes" and by "creating new questions and hypotheses".

Let us now examine these arguments.

One may ask, first of all, why the acoustic vibrations that strike the eardrum should be called confused. Those vibrations are the sounds of a highly organized language; they are not random noises; they are not confused.

When a child learns a language, he does not build a sensible structure out of confused sounds; on the contrary, he merely copies as well as he can the sounds and sentence structures he hears. At first, of course, he does not copy well, and he thus produces garbled sentences, such as the one cited by Gopnik: "No me want go there."

Language learning dependent on external conditions

Now, it is true, as Gopnik says, that the child could never have heard this sentence before. And it is also true that the sentence is close to being a proper sentence. But it is close to being a proper sentence not because innate structures in the child's mind make him say such a sentence, as Gopnik claims, but because the child has previously heard each of the six words making up the sentence and because he has previously heard the proper form for such a sentence. The child is merely copying what he hears, but copying it poorly so that it comes out garbled.

Thus, we see that language learning is dependent on external conditions, not on innate structures in the mind. This point is reinforced by the fact that a child learns to speak the same sort of language that he is exposed to.

The most obvious example of this is that children raised in English-speaking families learn English while those raised in French-speaking families learn French. In addition, children raised in homes where illiterate English is spoken learn to speak illiterate English while those raised in homes where "polished" English is spoken learn to speak

Continued on page 9

The LCRAP is the weekly supplement of the McGill Daily. All contributions are welcome — graphics, poetry and prose. Our address is 3480 McTavish, rm B41; phone: 392-8921.

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Of Power and Passion

"Who knows," he thought, "some day Bell Canada, Place Ville Marie, even Seagram's Distilleries . . ."

by John Collier

Arnie was a Very Important Young Man. He was the president of a very large student organization at a very large, well-renowned urban university. He had ambition, character, drive, a sense of responsibility, a forward-looking attitude, etc. He was every Mother's son. A young man any Father could pop his vest buttons open with pride over. If they had ever met, David Eisenhower and he would have really hit it off well. He was the type of young man whom Richard Nixon would ask advice concerning the feelings of 'Youth'.

He was a real prick.

One day, while he was putting around his office figuring out new ways to screw the *Olde Bailey*, he chanced to look out from his Plaza Suite-style office in the garish student centre at the throng of students lounging and carousing on the campus grass.

"The swine," he muttered to himself, "why can't they be like me: dynamic, conservative, personable." Arnie glowered and sighed at the mass of humanity smoking dope and making love oblivious to the rest of the world. If he had smoked, this would have been an appropriate time to light up. But smoking was bad for his clean-cut image. He just sighed.

"When are students going to grow up and face the world as mature adults?" he asked himself rhetorically.

At depressing times like this one, he would cheer himself up by thinking how important he was to be in the future. He had all the ingredients for 'success' — intelligence, personality, a sense of direction.

"I'll show them," he said smugly to himself, "the swine."

The telephone rang.

He picked it up. "Good morning, Arnie," a woman's voice cooed.

"Good morning to you. Do I have any appointments today, dear?" Arnie said.

"Well, at 10:30 AM you have a meeting with the Chancellor, at noon you are to address the Faculty Club concerning, 'The NEED for Forward-looking, Dynamic students in University government', at 4 PM you have a Students' Council Meeting, and at 6 PM you have a dinner-

date with your fiancée at the Chateau Champlain."

"A rather light schedule, I must say," he said, "I'll have to have a heart-to-heart talk with my PR man. Get him off his arse!"

"Arnold, watch your language, dear, you know talk like that is bad for your image."

"Oh, I'm very sorry, dear," he made profuse apologies.

"If I get any calls while I'm out, dear, have them relayed to the Chancellor's office, all right, dear?"

"Okay Arnold, have a nice time with the Chancellor."

"You do have a peculiar sense of humor, don't you dear?"

CLICK.

The Chancellor of the University was an old fart. But he had money, prestige and connections. And Arnold was going to marry his only daughter. The Chancellor had no duties to perform as such, except to welcome foreign monarchs and give out gold watches at dinners honoring janitors who had served the university for seventy-five years. He just sat in his office and picked his nose, occasionally sending his secretary out to get fresh batteries for his hearing aid. But the old boy still had a trick or two about him. One had to admit that.

It was Arnie's job to humor the Chancellor along. He did a good job of it, too. Because of his talks with our president the Chancellor was convinced that there was still some hope left for 'Youth'. These sessions, however, left Arnie mentally exhausted as it was necessary for him to paste over his basically cynical self with a 'workin'-my-way-thru-college-shine-in-the-bottom-of-the-pants' veneer which was in vogue during the 1920's.

Arnie entered the Chancellor's office and was waved ahead by his secretary. He opened the Chancellor's door and gave an apple-cheeked smile, exposing twenty-four of his gleaming, white teeth which would have brought a standing ovation at any orthodontist's convention.

"Hi, Dad . . ."

"Close your mouth, stupid! You're blinding me!" yelled the Chancellor.

"Oh, sorry Dad."

"And don't call me Dad, you dumb cluck! Why you're not even a WASP! To think that my daughter wants to marry a member of an inferior race. The idea of it!"

Arnie's smile drooped. One's ethnic background, unlike a hooked-nose, could not be corrected by plastic surgery.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" He asked with a trace of hesitation in his voice.

"I certainly did! What are you going to do about those comics at the *Olde Bailey*? All this nonsense about 'imperialism' and 'proletarian revolution'. Why in my day, class struggle meant the competition between students to undercut each other for the highest grades."



He tried to look as nonchalant as possible.

"Well, sir, we're trying to get rid of the editor as best we can. The rules say that he can be impeached only as a result of academic or fiscal incompetence. But the little brat is a first-class honors student and the paper is doing better financially than it ever did before."

"I don't care! Circumvent the rules! I want this herring out of the way! I thought you promised me a quiet campus this year, eh, what, what?"

"Yessir, I-I did. I-I'll try my best, but . . ."

"No buts, punk, if you want to marry my daughter, Verstehen Sie?"

"Y-Yessir."

"Okay, now get out," And with that the Chancellor plunked off his hearing aid and fell into a deep sleep.

Let us suffice it to say that the rest of the day passed by smoothly—he was well-

received at the Faculty Club luncheon—he presided over the Students' Council meeting with the ease and confidence of the terribly efficient up-and-coming young executive that he was.

Let us skip to that rendezvous with his beloved at the plush, cosmopolitan Chateau Champlain where the elite of the city dine in spacious comfort far away from the din and B.O. of the masses.

On arriving at the Caf' Conc', Arnold adjusted the snap-tabs on the collar of his Arrow

"Yeah, well be more punctual next time. I declare you're getting more uppity all the time. I'll have to give you some more discipline lessons. Anyway, let's eat!"

The waiter, an impeccable Parisian, brought the menus. The wine merchant, a stuffy Alsatian, advised them to try a dry red Burgundy 1948 ("a good year, certainly not a great one, though.")

"It's so nice to hear good French spoken," exclaimed Arnie's fiancée, "such a pleasant change from that crappy joul they speak on the streets here."

"Yes, it is, isn't it," replied Arnie.

"Did I say you could talk to me, creep!"

"Uh, no dear, you didn't," replied Arnie.

"Then shut up and let me enjoy my supper, schmucko!"

Not in the least put off by this rebuff, he eyed his fiancée (who was not an uncomely lass by any means of the word) letting his eyes trace the curvaceous outlines of her body.

He let them wander all over.

Starting from her bare, white shoulders down to her barely-covered, supple breasts. He feasted on those ripe orbs, feeling desire and passion flood his entire body. His eyes next moved down to her insect-like waist to settle on her wide, full hips which promised many nights of uninhibited thrustings. Finally, he let them rest on her pale, flowing thighs. He was horny.

"Uh, dear, uh . . . do you think that uh maybe tonight uh could be a little different from other nights?"

She eyed him suspiciously.

"What do you mean by 'different'?"

"Well, I uh just thought that uh, uh since we are getting married, uh, uh possible we get a little closer than we have gotten in the past."

"Will you explain yourself better, please?"

"Well, uh, uh, I-I just thought that . . ."

"Don't keep me in suspense, scumbag, what is it?"

"Uh, uh, will you sleep with me tonight?"

"Are you kidding?! Only when we're married and then only once a week after that, if you're lucky!"

All passion and desire left Arnie. He was a broken man.

Next week: Part II: Arnie joins the Hari Krishnas.

Dis leur . . .

le monde a ses combats
la ville a ses surprises
un homme a ses dix doigts
voilà ce qu'ils nous disent

paraît-il c'est un jeu
qu'on peut même y gagner
si on travaille un peu
sans vouloir tout changer

faudrait prendre son temps
regarder où l'on vise
ne pas avoir vingt ans
voilà ce qu'ils nous disent

paraît-il dans très peu
le tout s'arrangera
tout ira pour le mieux
leur truc nous mangera

eux aussi ils l'étaient
un peu fou à lier
lorsque c'était l'été
l'hiver les a ralié

maintenant les voilà
qui nous disent que le
monde
que l'monde a des combats
depuis qu'la terre est ronde

mais la terre elle non plus
n'tourne plus d'la même
façon
elle sait qu'elle est foutue
elle sait bien sa leçon

que l'monde ait ses com-
bats
qu'la ville ait ses surprises
qu'un homme ait ses dix
doigts
que faut-il que j'leur dise?
merde



by sandi meland
and pat rozenberg

CAFE ST. JACQUES

"481-5628, Ding-a-ling:
Voulez-vous dansez avec moi?"
You turn to view a sleezy-
looking gent, with hair slicked
back pompadour fashion, wear-
ing a dazzling sequined bowl-
ing shirt . . .

Je m'excuse, je pense que
vous vous trompez de numéro!"
And so ends the romance and
begins the fun at Cafe St.
Jacques at 615 St. Catherine
Street East.

The club operates on a dial-a-
dance principle. Each table has
a numbered lamp which can be



by mary swaine

From October 2-20, in the
Gallery Goddard-Lefort,
Adolphe Gottlieb will be exhibit-
ing 18 paintings, of what is
called a priori the "Abstract Ex-
pressionism" style. There are
acrylics on paper in small for-
mats and large oils on canvas.
The paintings evidence an
authority, but do not have much
life. The motifs generally are
x's, o's or filled-in blots. The
colours are not clear or fresh
but are submerged in the over-
all surface of the painting.
Besides his work, there are a
couple of surrealist works by
Warkov with nice mildewy
colours, and an Ivor Smith torso

in jockey shorts.

Ken Lockhead will be exhibit-
ing here from October 23-
November 16. The preview work
I saw is evidence of Lockhead's
change from hard-edge to
colour fields to fade-outs and
wavy lines. His paintings like
his colour combinations, are
gentle.

In Gallery Agnes Lefort,
there is a Pop Art exhibit, mainly
of Larry Rivers, R.B. Kilzy, Ceri
Richards, Joe Tilson, Allan
D'Arcangelo, Pierre Auot,
Larry Rivers is the most hard-
edge of the Pop artists, Ceri
Richards' combination of pop
and abstract expressionism is
nice. There is one Tom
Wesselman, American Brown
Nude, which is like his other
nudes. The exhibit is a nice
miscellany, the individual works
are not in themselves joyful or
inspiring, rather on the side of
the very polished.

There is in addition one Miro,
one beautiful Bracque, two very
beautiful Matisse ink drawings,
one sterile Picasso, 2 heavy
relief bronzes by Fernand
Leger, a typical Rouault, and a
couple of fresh Jean-Paul
Lemieux's.

LAURELS-TO YOU WHO WRITE PURE POETRY

the last poet-in-residence
refused the laurel
he chose
a fig-leaf instead.

cuz like Adam
who was a poet
only when he was innocent,
he too figured it would hide his
shame.

now I know
that laurel
is not just one leaf
of figs.

once I saw this laurel
of a thousand flowers
in each poem—a flower
blooming
ever extending in beauty
each so different
that I saw a thousand hearts
beating
ever extending in love
each so different
that I saw a thousand eyes
beaming
ever extending in vision
each so different
that I said surely it's a God's
work to spread them so

tom konyves

seen from any vantage point.
You like 'em, you dial 'em! Most
of the people who frequent the
establishment were termed by
our guest as both "very old and
very fat!" Unfortunately my
other half and I fit neither
description and consequently
our phone did not ring once.

The place is quite large,

warehouse-style, with two tiny
dancefloors. The orchestra was
quite good, with a definite "Nat
Raider-ish" flavour to it. Such
ethnic renditions as "Hava-na-
gila, the Mexican hat dance,
and humba set the atmosphere.

Beers are only .65 — and for
all you graduates, if you're look-
ing for a Mrs. Robinson . . .



by hammurabi

A decision rendered in Quebec Superior Court on Sep-
tember 2, 1971 may well prove to have far-reaching con-
sequences in terms of police action at future political
demonstrations.

The judgment (698-871) of Mr. Justice André Nadeau
marks the first substantial award of damages to a student
falsely arrested at a political demonstration.

The facts of the case were briefly the following:

On Victoria Day, 1965, there was a "separatist"
demonstration at Lafontaine Park. Marcel, a student at
Université de Montréal, was struck in the stomach by a
policeman's truncheon and was dragged along the
street by the arm to the nearby police station. Unable to
stand up because of the blow to his stomach, he was
thrown onto a bench at the station. In testimony, Marcel
stated that the two arresting officers grabbed him and
threw him down, causing him to fall head first to the
floor, where he lay as the other members of Montreal's
Finest passed by. He was refused permission to call his
father or a lawyer. He was then photographed and
fingerprinted and finally charged with obstructing
pedestrian traffic, refusing to move on, and par-
ticipating in an illegal assembly. Marcel was soon after
acquitted of all charges in Montreal Municipal Court.

In assessing damages, Mr. Justice Nadeau awarded the
following:

- 1) Seven hundred and fifty dollars for "Humiliation
resulting from being treated as a common criminal, arising
from the arrest, detention, photographing, fingerprinting,
and court appearance."
- 2) Seven hundred and fifty dollars for damage to the
plaintiff's honour and feelings.
- 3) Three hundred dollars for the cost of his defence in
Municipal Court.
- 4) One hundred dollars for pain and suffering.
- 5) One hundred dollars for medical expenses.

The total was \$2,000.00, a large award in such cases by
Quebec standards.

The City of Montreal was a joint defendant in the suit,
but the Court ruled that only the two policemen directly in-
volved should be condemned to pay the \$2,000.00 sum,
holding that the two police officers exercised their duties
in an "unjustified and unreasonable manner."

One final note. The plaintiff, Marcel, was at the time of
the trial a law student, employed in a large downtown
office. As well, some time after the incident took place,
Marcel's father, a prominent Montreal lawyer, was ap-
pointed to the bench, and is presently serving as a
Judge in Social Welfare Court.

Draw your own conclusions.

The Endgame

The wind blows silently, freely
through sun-lit leaves;
peaceful clouds drift by and vanish
into turquoise.

Bring my thoughts to me wind and
sun,
or take me from them.
No more can I do so far away.
Nothing else I could have done.

Now, won't you leave me to my own
bitter peace;
I expect no more of you.

by D.M.

learning, to be based on innate structures are. Such a supposition would seem to lead to a static conception of language. For if we learn language through innate structures in our minds, then it would be impossible for a language to grow. Language would then be composed of, as Gopnik says, "a finite number of elements".

This, though, is obviously false. All languages are constantly growing or developing in some way. They are not static.



by Ronald Blumer.

"In Los Angeles they commit suicide during the long rains when they cannot get out to the beach, or the golf course or the ball park. Television is not the universal antidote for the poison of loneliness. And loneliness is the great disease of Los Angeles. Too many of its citizens are refugees and wanderers who ran away from the old tangles of family roots and class lines. They wanted to be individuals. They wanted to be free. Now, riding around in their cars, they are free to go wherever the freeway leads.

Each of them, in a personal cell of rubber and glass and plastic and steel, is master of the rolling universe that can be as totally comfortable and self-sustaining as an egg—and just as fragile. And just as separate. The only real communication is contact. When you live in an egg, contact is a most dangerous game. The habit of the highway becomes the habit of life. Friendships are quick passages on a crowded road. Love is a terrifying accident."

Rolling Stone.

Continued from page 6

polished English.

Thus, we see that there are no abstract rules of language for a child to formulate. He merely copies the form of expression that he hears.

We should also realize that, contrary to what Gopnik says, language learning is based on conditioned reflexes — on association. The child learning a language is shown an object and then told a sound. This is done repeatedly, and the child eventually learns to associate that particular sound with the object. This is learning by conditioned reflex; this is how a language is learned.

And it is not surprising for language learning to be done this way. For, as the materialist physiologist I. P. Pavlov showed, conditioned reflexes are the bases of our habits, our education, and our whole disciplined conduct.

"Do hypotheses drop from the sky?"

Gopnik's statement about intuitive knowledge of proper language structure is also seen to be false. It is not intuitively that we know that something like "uh — seven o'clock — well, I — no" is not a sentence, but because we have been conditioned to recognize only a certain type of word structure as a sentence, and this string of words does not follow that structure.

Finally, we come to Gopnik's theories of learning. She talks about "complex, abstract mental processes". This sort of talk is typical of idealist psychologists, who divorce the mental from the material, and who have, as Pavlov said, "a desire for the subject to remain unexplained The mysterious is what is alluring to them. They turn away from the possibility of a physiological explanation."

Gopnik also talks about "creating new questions and hypotheses". One may ask where these new questions and hypotheses are supposed to come from if not from reactions to the material environment. Do they drop from the skies, perhaps?

We should also ask what the effects of supposing learning, including language

Matter is primary; mind is secondary

The explanation for this growth is that language is merely a reflection of the material world. And changes in language depend, as the materialist philologist N. Y. Marr showed, on fundamental advances in the development of the productive forces and on advances in the production relations within society.

For example, the development of aviation caused a whole new set of words to be created and added to the language.

Thus, we see that the materialist view of learning, including language learning, is a progressive and developing one while the idealist view is reactionary and static.

The fundamental question, then, is: which is the proper way to explain learning, including language learning? From an idealist or a materialist position? Is mind pre-eminent or is matter?

The experiments that Pavlov made in studying the physiology of the brain point to a materialist explanation. Matter is primary; the mind is secondary.

That is, mental activity depends upon conditions of existence, upon the environment; it is essentially the aggregate of numerous conditioned reflexes of varied form and nature, developed in the course of the life of an individual.

Once

*If it is to be so between us,
then:*

*if I could
if I only could
if I could only forget
you for a while*

*so, that when I return
my thoughts to you*

*I could say with a
fondness,
"I once knew this girl,
who I loved"*

Balzac Was A Journalist

*"Are you still thinking of
journalism?"*

*I shook my head an emphatic
no, a little
surprised at the question.*

*"There have been some great
journalists."*

*"Yes I know," although I
didn't really.*

*"Tolstoy was a journalist.
Trotsky was a journalist.
Two of the greatest as a
matter of fact."*

*"BALZAC WAS A
JOURNALIST."*

by D.M.

Women's Coalition for Abortion Law Repeal
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Newspapers have series of columns devoted to every sphere of human activity—we have our chess columns, our sports, our politics and movies. What is missing from the modern newspaper is some present day equivalent of the love torn column. The nearest we have, Dear Abby (of which I am an avid fan) presents the monstrous spectacle of a hung up puritanical woman getting her sometimes desperate readers deeper into the problems which engulf them. In general, the only way in which personal interaction enters into the newspaper is if someone kills someone else. Thus, like movies and television, newspapers are merely a dramatization of our daily existence—rarely dealing with what concerns most of us most of the time.

The subject of this weekly column will be this dark area of existence which is so rarely dealt with in a straightforward fashion in print—how we get along with others. In its quest for technological perfection, our society seems to have left us with major problems in this area and most of us don't get along very well with our fellow man. The more intimate the relationships which we attempt, the more screwed up they are likely to become. Thus, even in this supposedly liberated era, one of the major hang ups facing the supposedly enlightened college student comes in the area of love and the lack thereof. What will be published in the weeks to come will be a series of interviews dealing with the subject of how we get along with each other—how parents get along with their children, teachers with students—lovers with their loves. Its object will be an attempt to show that we are all on the same ship—that we have more similarities than differences; that we are together in our separation.

If you are reading this paper during a lecture try a little experiment—look to your left and look to your right—or do you dare. Look at the person on the podium in front of you talking about everything in the world except that which concerns his daily existence. Hiding behind his Milton or his Bunsen burner is a man worrying about his petulant wife or whether the assistant dean really appreciates him and, like Portnoy's daddy, he's probably constipated.

There is much talk about other societies being underprivileged or underdeveloped but we seem blind to our own impoverishment. We have so cluttered our environment with gadgets and skyscrapers that the people they are supposed to serve have become invisible, or molded to the demands of the machine. Look at everything in our surroundings that mitigate against any type of meaningful contact—look at the metal hulks which drive us separately to work each day. Look at the little boxes in which we enclose ourselves staring each night at another little box which gives two-dimensional extracts of humanity. Where in all of Montreal could someone without money go to meet and talk with people—The bus station? A shopping center? Look at the way in which other people have become objects for us—objects which we use to make money or make love. Then there's the family—groups of people neurotically huddled together defending their own against the insane asylum without. Finally, look at ourselves, carefully trained since youth not to express feelings or emotions—to insult other people with niceness—because we really hate their guts.

All this suppression produces a tremendous desperation among people to get together—but always they must find a pretext. We have developed sensitivity groups in which people pay five dollars an hour to be permitted the privilege of touching each other and of speaking frankly. We have computerized dating because we are afraid to talk to each other on the street. There are church groups and bridge groups, tea groups and T groups, kids who take drugs so that their heads can be in the same space and the revolutionaries—who are together in being against. This is not to suggest that all of human activity has no subject matter but rather that a search for comradeship, for human contact and for love is superimposed on everything which we do. This search for security in others in the one thing that links anarchist with the businessman, the Krishnas with the football fans. In this column I will try to approach this subject not through the medium of sports or chess or politics but through people directly, their words, their problems and their solutions.

So (said the doctor) now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?

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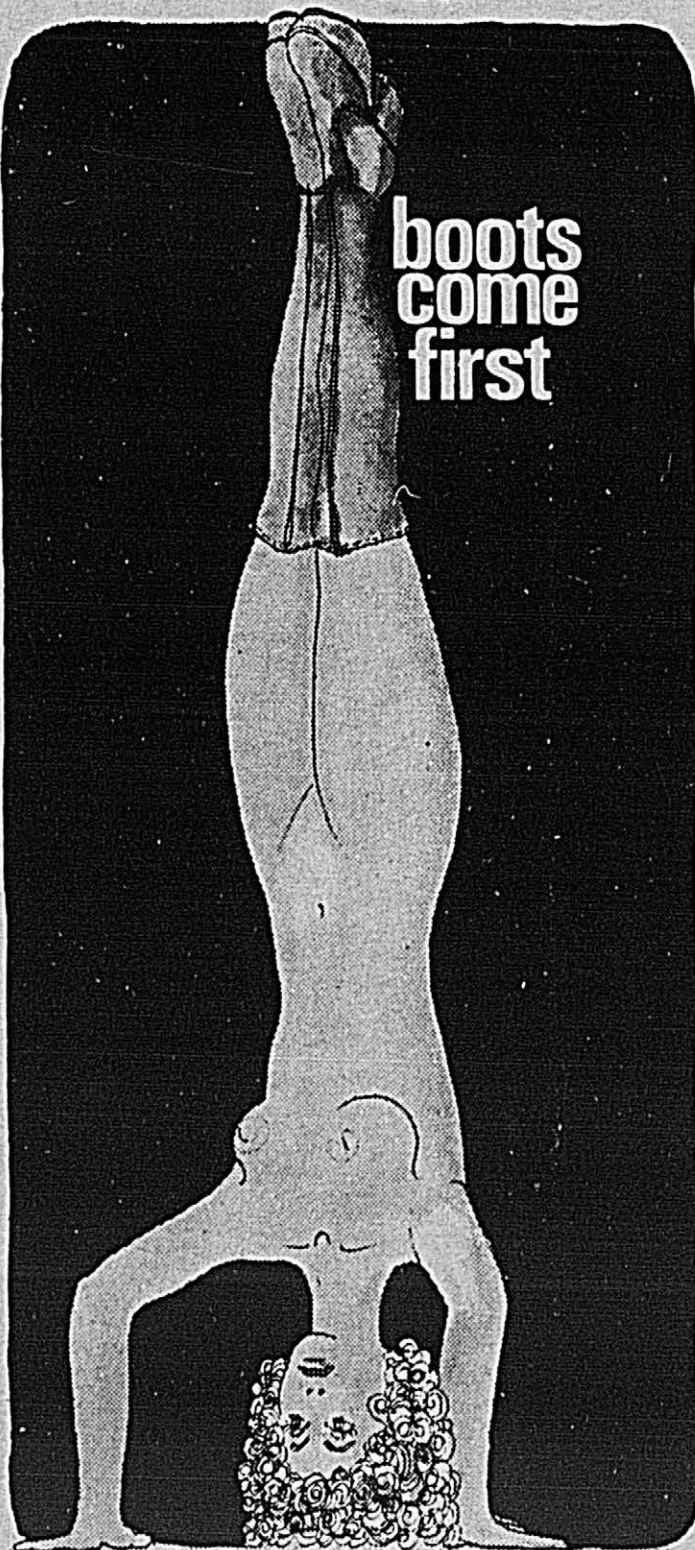
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TODAY

MUSIC FACULTY: Ann Golden contralto recital. Redpath Hall, 8:30, 50c.

DEBATING UNION: Eric Kierans in a Hyde Park on Canadian Response to New U.S. Economic Blackmail. Lower campus, 1 pm. W120 in case of rain.

FILM SOCIETY: Series II. Ashes and Diamonds. Poland, PSCA, 7, 9:30.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr. M. Kate on Chiropractors: Providers of our Second-Largest Health Service. Who are They? McIntyre, Francis Seminar room, enter through library 3rd floor, 1 pm.

RADIO MCGILL: Street noise presents 5 1/2 hrs of live, non-stop rap, CFQR-FM 92.5, half past midnight to 6 am. Also news and entertainment, campus and 92.5 FM, all day.

PLAYER'S CLUB: Auditions for George Kaiser's From Morn to Midnight. Union B27, 4-7.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Mixer for all. Union coffee lounge, 8 pm.

COMMUNITY MCGILL: Big brothers needed. Union 414, 11-3, 392-8980.

IRANIAN STUDENTS' ASSN: Historical roots of Liberation Movements in Iran. Speeches will be given in Persian language. Union B123, 7:30.

CANTAB: Folk mass with a difference. Come share your ideas. Cheese and wine afterwards. Sunday, 4:30.

BLOOD DRIVE: Jean Beliveau Day. Big Jean will be in the clinic from 12-2. Singer Craig Mathews of the Yellow Door from 2-3. Free concert (Folk and Jazz) for donors Friday, Oct. 29 at 8 pm in Union Ballroom. Performers are Bruce Murdoch, Ronny Abramson, John Lutz, McGill Jazz Band, Peel Street Stompers, and Frank Costi, renowned saxophonist. Union Ballroom, 3rd floor.

SATURDAY

WOMEN'S CURLING: Mixed curling. TMR rink, 12-5.

FILM SOCIETY: Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion. PSCA, 7 and 9:30.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Soccer, all welcome. Molson Stadium, 9:30. Also girls' basketball practice, Sir Arthur Currie Gym, 10 am. Football, Lower campus, 12-4.

MARCHING BAND. Flagbearers and Majorettes: Incredibly vital practice for U de M game. Sympathy strike after game. Bandroom, Currie Gym, 10 am.

SUNDAY

HILLEL: Tai-Chi and Ju-Jitsu class, all welcome, 3460 Stanley, 2 pm.

HUT-UN, HUT- DEUX . . .

Tomorrow afternoon the McGill Redmen culminate the 1971 regular schedule when they visit les Carabins de l'Université de Montréal.

A McGill victory will vault her into the playoffs against Bishop's in a game that would be played in Molson Stadium next Saturday, providing all a final glimpse of the Redmen!

McGill Pre-Med Society

Dr. M. Katz

"Chiropractors: Providers of our second largest health service, who are they?"

McIntyre, Francis Seminar Room, enter via library, 3rd floor

Today, 1 p.m.

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McGILL
MEN'S INTRAMURALS

INTRAMURALS NEXT WEEK

TOUCHFOOTBALL

Monday, October 25

1:00 p.m. L.C. Architects vs. Flying Circus
1:00 p.m. M.S. Grads vs. Law II
1:00 p.m. F.F. Malocclusions vs. Les Animaux
5:15 p.m. M.S. Mother Truckers vs. Med IIA

Tuesday, October 26

1:00 p.m. L.C. Subpoenas vs. Morticians
1:00 p.m. M.S. Alesmen vs. Spectrum
5:15 p.m. M.S. Med IIB vs. Law II

Wednesday, October 27

1:00 p.m. L.C. DaBoog Team vs. Med IA
5:15 p.m. M.S. Med III vs. Spartans

Thursday, October 28

1:00 p.m. L.C. Med IIA vs. Law I
1:00 p.m. M.S. Alesmen vs. Grads

SOCCER

Monday, October 25

5:30 p.m. F.F. Grads vs. Dio
6:30 p.m. F.F. Ukes vs. Offensives
7:30 p.m. F.F. Chinese vs. Misfits
8:30 p.m. F.F. Eng I vs. Warriors

Wednesday, October 27

5:30 p.m. F.F. Ukes vs. P.G.S.S.
6:30 p.m. F.F. Nemisses vs. Metallurgy
7:30 p.m. F.F. Path Cats vs. Mezuzahs
8:30 p.m. F.F. Grads vs. Offensives

ICE HOCKEY

Faculty tryouts. Bring your own stick and skates.

Monday, Oct. 25

5:15 p.m. Dentistry

Tuesday, Oct. 26

8:15 p.m. Law

5:15 p.m. Education

8:15 p.m. Medicine

9:15 p.m. Graduate Studies

Wednesday, Oct. 27

1:00 p.m. Management

Thursday, Oct. 28

1:00 p.m. Arts

8:15 p.m. Architecture

9:15 p.m. Science

Friday, Oct. 29

5:15 p.m. Engineering

McGill Debating Union
presents a

HYDE PARK

with
ERIC KIERANS

"Canadian Response
to new U.S. Economic Blackmail"

Friday, October 22, 1 P.M.
lower campus.
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(see Supplement page 12)

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McGILL
MEN'S INTRAMURALS

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Students wishing to referee intramural Ice Hockey games in the evenings are requested to attend a referees clinic on Tuesday, October 26 at 1:00 p.m. in Room G20 of the Currie Gym.

McGILL
MEN'S INTRAMURALSRECREATIONAL SKATING -
WINTER STADIUM

Mondays from 9:15 to 11:00 p.m. and Saturdays from 9:00 to 10:30 p.m.

Students and Staff will be admitted by showing their I.D. card.

NO guests permitted.